

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, October 28. 1707.

I Have in my last Papers brought the War this Summer to a Period, in order to meet at Home our approaching Parliament, *Spain* and *Italy* excepted; the poor Soldier gets a Recess from the Hazards, the Dangers, the long Marches, the tedious Encampments, the bloody Sieges, and furious Attacks; the Fighting; the Flying, the Charging, the Storming, and particularly the Starving of the Campaign; the poor ravag'd Countries get a Recess from the Plunderings, the Military Executions, the drawing Lines, raising Contributions, and ranging of Armies over their Lands; the Generals get a Recess from the Fatigues of the Field, and all things lie still, till a new Season draws the same Scene of Blood over the Face of the World again. And then *As you were*.

But alas, poor *Britain*! She gets no Recess, a Summer-Campaign Abroad, a Winter-Campaign at Home; continual Harassings, Plunderings, Jarrings and Fightings, break her Peace, no sooner one ends, but another begins, she gets no Peace; embarras'd with powerful Enemies within, and powerful Enemies without. *Poor Britannia*! her Fate is to be involved in continual Jarrings, Fighting and Contention, even when other People are at Peace; Envy, Wrath, Strife, Passion, Prejudice, and Parties, how miserably do they harass this divided Nation, and make Spoil of all the plentiful Harvest of Peace, which by the Tillage, Manuring, good Husbandry, and Cultivation of the Soil, we were in Hopes should have been produc'd long since in the Nation?

O Man, Man! Thou unsettled turbulent Creature, to what Excesses, to what continual Uneasinesses art thou hurried by the blind Fury of thy own Passions? How dost thou make War with thy own Happiness, darken thy own Comforts, and disturb thy own Peace? How dost thou labour to beguile thy self of thy own Happiness, and fight against thy only Interest? How restless and impatient in the best Circumstances, always busy in the great and material Employment of Self-Destruction, always at work, fighting and jarring, either with Friends or Enemies, and sometimes with both?

And who shall presume to prompt the World to Peace? Let him be who he will, he is sure to get no Peace himself. *The Knave will all agree to call him Knave*, like the *Israelite to Moses*, when he reprov'd him for smiting his Brother. *Who made thee a Prince and a Judge among Us? Wilt thou slay me, as thou didst the Egyptian*, tho' he had killed the *Barbarian* in Defence of his oppress'd Brethren? Just so now say our *High-Flying Gentlemen*, who made this impertinent Review an Instructor to move us to Peace? Will he satyrize us, as he did the *Taskers*? Yes indeed, Gentlemen, that he will, and you will deserve it much more; just as it was with the *Israelites*, when GOD had driven out their Enemies before them, and plac'd his Wonders in their View; when he had abdicated *Pharaoh* and his Host, and brought them to the very Gates of *Canaan*, they fall out with their own Mercies, fly in the Face of GOD the Giver, raise a Scandal upon the Gift, and cry to go back again to Bondage.

Was ever Nation so like them as We? GOD has brought us to the Promise of Peace, has driven out the *Canaanites* before us, has actually put us in Possession of our Happiness, and behold, we cry to go back again to Bondage; *French Power, Jacobite Tyranny, High Flying Insolence* had over-run you, had crush'd, suppress'd, and perfectly dispirited you, and you cry'd to Heaven, and to Heaven's Instruments to deliver you, and they did deliver you; and what then, *you sung his Praise, but you soon forgot his Works, and his WORKMEN TOO.*

I'll tell you a short Story, Gentlemen, and I'll find you good Authors for the Truth of it; Of old Time, *so long ago*, and *so far off*, that some Folks hardly believe the Story; There was a Sort of People call'd *Israelites*, now we call them *Jews*; these People being Slaves in *Africa*, rise all up in a Body against their Masters, and claiming their Liberty, fled away towards *Arabia*; The King of the Country follow'd them with a huge Army, coop'd them up in a Corner between the Mountains and the Sea, and had certainly destroy'd them in a few Days—When one *Moses* a great Man among them, told them, if they would but serve and obey their Maker, and Religiously devote themselves to him, he had Commission to deliver them; accordingly he spread his Arms out toward the Sea, and the obedient Waters divided, and left a Path of dry Land quite over; at which the whole Army pass'd safe, and landed on the other side, and there had the Satisfaction to stand, and see the Enemy's Army, that pursued them, overwhelm'd and drown'd every Mother's Son: 'Tis an old Story, and you'll find it in an old Manuscript, call'd the *Pentateuch*; perhaps some of you, that are us'd to Reading, may have seen such a Book, but I know, 'tis much grown out of Use among you, and grows out of Use every Day more and more.—But to go on with my Story, the People that were thus deliver'd, you may be sure, made Bonfires and Illuminations, and if they had had it theré, would no doubt have gone in Procession to *Paul's Church* for this Victory; but as it was, they express'd great Joy, sung Songs, and the like, after their Fashion. And for *Moses*, Oh, he was the bravest Man, their Hero, their Deliverer, and they made him their Judge and their Captain! And Oh they would follow him any where, *tho' they would!* And how do ye think they us'd him afterwards? It was not above . . . Days, but not finding every thing they wanted just at hand, they fall a Railing at him, and abusing him, tell him, they will go back to *Africa* again, he had brought them thither to destroy them, and the like, and talk'd of murdering their Deliverer, by stoning him to Death among the Mob.

To apply the Story as we go, who can read it, without thinking of 1688, when the People, then call'd *English*, did just thus with *One King William*, only with this worst Aggravation, that this *Moses* was one of the same Nation, and under the same Slavery, with the rest of the People, and so in delivering them he shared their Deliverance: Whereas, this *King William*, we talk of, was a Great and Happy Prince, liv'd Belov'd, and at Ease, in all Manner of Splendor and Glory, in his full Pleasure and Prime, and had all the World could afford him; but at the instant Request and Importunity of that horrid, ungrateful, murmuring, never-satisfy'd Nation, and under a thousand long since forgotten Promises, quitted all his Ease and Plenty, and came with an Army, run all the Hazards of a Winter-Voyage, a fatiguing March, and a long and bloody War, in which he run thro' infinite Hazards and Hurries, headed their Armies himself, when they had not a Man among them qualify'd to be a General; fought 7 Battles in his own Person, made 23 Voyages by-Sea, and 11 Campaigns by Land; was every Day in Danger of his Life equally with the meanest Soldier, drove away their Oppressors, restor'd their Liberties, establish'd their Religion, and defended their Laws; and how do ye think they us'd him? Truly, just like the Story, *meer Jews*, they made Bonfires and Illuminations, made him their King and their Captain, and call'd him their Hero and Deliverer; but he was hardly turn'd round in his new Command, hardly had he sat down in his new Throne, but they flew in his Face; the very Men, whose Crys under their *African* Bondage mov'd him to come over to their Help, were the fiercest to send him Home again, cry'd for their Tyrants again, and talk'd of stoning him; was ever such *Israelites*, such *Jews* in the World? They pursued him with constant Murmurs, Revilings, Satyrs, Assassinations, and the like, and never left him, till they broke his Heart; just as the same *Moses* was not permitted to see the promised Land, they never let him see the promis'd Felicity, they had told him of, but with perpetual Hurries, Toils, Cares, and above all their

ungrateful and barbarous Usage, they destroy'd him.

Well has Providence done to blot out the Name of *English* Men from the World, and happy are we, that we can say, we are none of that unthankful Nation—No, no, we are no *English* Men, no true born Folks; we are *Britains*; Have a Care, Gentlemen, if you do not change the Temper as well as the Title, the Manners as well as the Name, you will soon betray your selves to have something of the Blood of that scandalous Race in your Veins. Those *English* Folks were a Sort of brave People formerly, and pass'd once for a tolerable, good-enough Kind of Nation; but the very Usage of that one Prince was so barbarous, so cruel, so unjust, and so ungenerous, that it sticks very close to them, and they will never get clear of this Character, of being the most ungrateful Nation both to GOD and Man in the World.

And when all is done, *Brother Britains*, give me leave to say one thing to you, tho' you have got rid of that old Name, yet take a Hint from a Friend that scorns to flatter you; you are just treading the same Steps with your present Sovereign, GOD forbid, it should have the same Effect upon Her; Her Majesty has done her Part in your Deliverance, has pursued your true Interest in all its Parts, with the same Ardour, the same Zeal, and above her Sex, with the same Steadiness as *King William* did; with unwearied Entreaties she has solicited you to Peace, and perswaded you to open your Eyes to your National Advantages; has brought the two Sister Nations together, has put their very Hands into one anothers Hands; and do you think they will kiss, now they are come together? No, nor to save her Life, but frown, and scold, and scratch, and snarl at one another, and at Her Majesty for endeavouring it. Ill-natur'd Generation, what would you have? Would you go back to *Africa* again? Would you enter into Bondage again? Look back upon your Chains, see the Beauty of Tyrannick Task-Masters, the Ornaments of Subjection gilded your City Gates with the Heads and Quarters of your murder'd Patriots, the Cham-

Champions of your Liberties lay smother'd in Dungeons, honest Men went to their long Home in *Newgate*, and the *Mourners* went about the Streets.

You that covet Occasional-Bills, and envy the Prosperity and Liberty of your Brethren, look back upon the Glorious Days of Persecution, and the Illustrious, Victorious Triumphs of Penal Laws; how like the Dragonings of *France* did it look, and what a noble Test was it of *English Liberty*! Examine next, when your own Turn came, how did you like *Maudlin College-Work*, and sending your Golden Candlesticks to the Tower? How bright an Ornament was it to those happy Days to have Mass sung in every Street, and a high Commission just going to dislocate the Church, and turn her inside outward? And yet how many of those Candlestick Martyrs afterwards abhorred the Revolution, that it saved them?

If these things agree with you, and the Memory of them is pleasant, then you may go and return to it again, if you please; but pray, by the Way, *take no body with you, but such as are willing to go.* If the tempting Posture of those Days allures you, and you can say you like it, you might then fly in the Face of the QUEEN, for endeavouring to secure your Liberties, and not be so blamed; but what can be said of you now, who own your Deliverance, and yet every Day insult and affront the QUEEN, who seeks and secures your Deliverance? 'Tis all a most monstrous and intollerable Piece of Inconsistence, a Prodigy in Nature; exposes your Sences, and makes the World give you up as a People destitute of your Politick Understandings, and possess'd with a National Lunacy.

I shall in my next tell you another Tale out of that old musty forgotten Manuscript, I told you of before.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOST excellent strengthening Pills, which give certain Help in all Pains or Weakness of the Back, (either in Men or Women) occasion'd by a Strain, a Wrench, or any other Cause; being a sure Remedy (under God) in such Cases for Cure. Recommended from the long Experience of an eminent Apothecary of London, and to be had at Mr. Cope's, at the Gold Ring in Little Shear Lane, by Temple-Bar, At 3s. a Box, containing 8 Doses, (seal'd up) with printed Directions.



Bartlett's Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures, with large Catalogues of Cures, from the Birth to very old Age, at the Golden Ball, in George's street, in George's Fields, Southwark. Or of his Son, at the Golden Ball by the Tavern in Prescot Street, in Goodman's Fields, London, every Day, except on the Real Christian Sabbath called Saturday. It is well known, I have made the only true Discovery of the Cause and Cure of Ruptures.

Enquire at Bartlett's Coffee-House at Holborn Bridge, and at the Rainbow at Fleet Bridge for our Bills.

We have agreed for the Publick Good and our Credit, to assist each others Patients (though parted) so that our Patients have a double Advantage Viz. Two Artificers to assist 'em without any farther Charge, unless the Circumstances be extraordinary.

We forge all our selves, and have all sizes of Spring Trusses ready, with Collars, and Swings, and other Inventions, to make the Weak strong, and Crooked straight.

C. Bartlett, of the Mint, Southwark.

P. Bartlett, of Goodman's-Fields.

These are to give Notice,

THAT *MARY KIRLEUS*, the Widow of *JOHN KIRLEUS*, Son of Dr. *THO. KIRLEUS*, a Sworn-Physician, in ordinary to King *Charles II.* Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; experienc'd above 50 Years to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leprosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate VENEREAL Disease, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or destructive Mercurial Preparations: These incomparable Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues; the many miserable One that have been happily cured, after gives over by others, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compassion to the distressed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 2s. the Quart, the Pill 1s. the Box with Directions, and Advice. *Gratis.*

††† She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand Court, over against great Turnstile in Holborn